

# THE HONOUR OF VERTUE.

OR

The Monument erected by the sorowfull  
Husband, and the Epitaphies annexed  
by learned and worthy men, to the im-  
mortall memory of that worthy  
Gentle-woman M<sup>rs</sup> Elizabeth  
*Crasshawe.*

Who dyed in child-birth and was buried in *whit.*  
*Chappell: Octob. 8. 1620. In the 24 yeare*  
*of her age.*

*Pfal. 118. 6.*

*The Righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.*

*Prou. 10. 7.*

*The memorie of the iust is blessed; But the name of the  
wicked shall rotte.*

CHRISTO OPT. MAX.

PIETATI,

&

POSTERITATI

SACRVM,

&

PIÆ MEMORIÆ

ELIZABETHÆ

CONIVGIS DVLCISSIMÆ,

FOEMINÆ LECTISSIMÆ,

E CLARIS

SKINNERIANA,

&

EMERSONIANA.

FAMILIIS ORIVNDÆ.

IN QVA RARA FELICITATE

Pietas cum Pulchritudine,

Ingenium cum Virtute,

Forma cum Pudicitia,

Mirifice conveniebant.



# THE MONVMENT,

To the honour of *Christ Iesus,*  
To the praise of Pietie,  
To the example of Posteritie,  
And for the preservation of the  
Godly memorie

## OF ELIZABETH

His most worthily beloued Wife,  
A Woman of a hundred,  
A Wife of a thousand,  
Descended  
Of the worshipfull Families the  
*Skinners and Emersons.*

In whom (by a rare coniunction,  
So happy was she, and so highly beloued of God)  
Godlinesse with Comelinesse,  
Wisedome with Vertue,  
Beautie with Chastitie,  
Youth with Discretion,  
and Discretion with Deuotion,  
were most sweetly combined.

QVÆ IN PRIMO PV-  
ERPERIO IN IPSO ENIXV

Animam Deo  
Memoriam Mundo  
Vitam Naturæ  
Carnem Terræ  
Patri Puerulum  
Amicis Luctum

Conjugi marorem ineffabilem  
Omnibus ingens sui-ipsius desiderium  
Moriendo reliquit

W. CRASHAVIVS.

Hujus Ecclesiæ Rector Indignus

Coniux longe mæstissimus.

Multis cum lachrimis.

LVGENS

LVBENS

INVITVS

POSVIT

---

CREDO QVOD REDEMPTOR  
MEVS VIVIT.



VVho, In the Prime of her yeares,  
vppon her first child,  
by her first husband,  
even in the very birth,  
yeilded vp by vntimely death,  
Her Soule to God : Her life to Nature.  
Her Body to the earth :  
Her memory to the world,  
And left.

To the pensiue *Father* : a deere bought Sonne.  
To her *friends* heauines hard to be removed.  
To her *husband* Sorowe, not to be expressed.  
And To *all that knew Her*, a longing desire after  
Her, never (in this world) to be satisfied.

WILLIAM CRASHA VVE

Her most fadd and sorowfull Husband,  
Vnworthy *Pastor* of this Church,  
Vnworthy Husband of such a wife.  
Mourning for his owne vnworthines,  
Yet reioycing In Her happines.  
Most vnwilling to part with Her,  
But most willing to Honour Her, with many sighes  
and Teares.

Dedicated this Monument,  
In assurance of Her glorious Resurrection.

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*I know that my Redeemer lieth. Iob. 19.*

The Funerall Sermon was made by Doctor *Vsher* of Ireland, then in England, and now Lord Bishop of Meath in Ireland. It was her owne earnest request to him, that he would preach at the Baptisme of her Sonne, as he had eight yeares afore, being then also in England, at the Baptisme of her husbands elder sonne. Now because it proued to be beth the baptisme of the sonne and buriall of the mother, as she often said it would, he therefore spake out of this text: 1. Sam. 4. 20.

*And about the time of her death, the women that stood about her, said vnto her, Feare not, for thou hast borne a sonne: but she answered not, neither did she regard it.*

At which Sermon and Funerall was present one of the greatest Assemblies that euer was scene in mans memorie at the buriall of any priuate person.

This Text, His Sermon, and that Spectacle, made many a heauy heart, and such a Churchfull of weeping eyes as haue beene seldome scene.

He vseth to be very wary, and moderate in commendation. But of her he said: Holines and the truth it selfe, forbad him to be silent. That which he obserued in her, was.

That besides her pietie, charitie, deuotion, modestie, sobrietic, hufwifery, and other worthy qualities, wherein she equalled the best: peculiarly in these she excelled:

1 Being yong, healthfull, and living in great content, and with a husband after her owne heart, yet she longed to leaue this life, and reioyced to thinke  
or,

or speake or heare of the life to come.

2 Being yong, faire, comely, brought vp as a Gentlewoman, in musicke, dancing, and like to be of great estate, and therefore much sought after by yong gallants, and rich heires, and good ioinctures offered, yet she chose a Diuine, twise her owne age.

3 Her extraordinary loue, and almost strange affection to her husband, expressed in such excellent and well tempered passages of kindnesse, as is too rare to finde in one of her age, person and parts.

4 Her singular motherly affection to the child of her predecessor. A rare vertue (as he noted) in step-mothers at this day.

5 Her excellent disposition from her infancie; in that from a childe shee neuer offended her parents, nor was euer heard to sweare an oath.

6 Her husbands discretion being questioned by some, for such a choise; and it being the common conceit, that by this marriage they had lost a good Preacher: contrariwise her comelinesse in attire, and excellencie of behauiour graced him euery where; and her zeale in religion, her kindnesse to him, her care of his health, and her honorable estimation of his profession, encouraged him to do more then euer he did: insomuch as she was a principall cause of his beginning that Morning Exercise there, for which so many hundred poore soules do daily praise God.

# VOTA ET LACHRIMÆ

Amicorum:

AD

Conjugem mæstissimum Vxoris  
dulcissimæ

Disticha  
Consolatoria.

*Defunctamne putas qua fato funeta recessit ?  
Mortua, quid defles, Coniugis ossa tua ?  
Tanto virtutum radiantem Sole suarum !  
Et calo Immissâ de Bonitate Bonam  
Ad superos revocasse Deum nos credimus omnes  
Teque sequuturum conscia fata vocant.  
Quam tu sic placuisse Deo (Doctissime) nosti  
concessisse Deo, quid gemibunde doles ?  
Manibus at gratare piis feliciter actis  
non minima hec veræ pars pietatis erit.*

Timoth. Leucadelph. Med.D.

THE  
Teares of freinds, flowing from  
their loue of the liuing, and the  
Honour they bare to the deceased:

A VVORD  
OF  
Consolation to the sorrowfnll Husband  
of this most worthy Wife.

**B**Eauty and *vertue* both together dwelt,  
in her faire Brest:  
Religious *charity* her gentle heart so felt:  
that no vnrest:  
Could stay her *workes* from louely *piety*,  
nurst in her brest:  
Vntill Reward of *Immortality*:  
brought Her to rest.

Then mourne no more, wash of all Teares,  
She inioyes Her *Hopes*, ands past all *Feares*.

*The same.*

## TO THE MEMORIE

of that worthy wife, and consolation of the Sorowfull Husband.

*The want of Good in most men breedes repine  
The losse of Good inioyed breedes discontent,  
Thus they offend against the Powers Divine  
That nor in lacke, nor leaving finde content.  
As if our blessings were of this condition,  
That did importe perpetuall fruition.*

*Occasion tenders triall, Here we finde  
The best of Femals sooner lost then knowne:  
As if Her Mate, the Vertues of her minde  
Or other Graces, mought not deeme his owne  
Happy His loue, if he can pitch his Rest,  
Vpon Her change that changed for the best.*

*Meane while, if to Her Worth, He freely pay,  
Some parting teares, expressions of his moane:  
If Others pleas to Sympathize that way (known  
Since all that knew Her, knew her worth well  
That tributes but the guerdon of her merit,  
Who now the highest glory doth inherit.*



AN EPITAPHE  
Vppon thanthrise wotrhy Gentle-  
woman M<sup>rs</sup> Elizabeth Crasshawe.

*Stay passenger, and fixe thine Eye,  
To know who in this tombe doth lye.*

One modest, humble, faire, discrete,  
Where true, and seeming worth did meete.  
What Good she knew, it was well knowne,  
She knew it, but to make't *her owne*.  
And yet return'd so large a rate  
As few now found could imitate :  
A matchles, yet a well matcht Bride,  
Liu'd with her *first* Mate, and *first* died.  
One harmeles Sonne she left, that owes,  
His birth, vnto Her dijn's throwes.  
Sad Husband, deerely did He buy,  
The hopes of this vncertainty.

*Him* we leaue mourning, *Her* at Rest,  
And of thee, Reader, this request.  
Spend, when thou hither doest repaire,  
For *Her* a teare, for *Him* a prayer.

H. P. Lond. Ver. Diu. Con.  
Cantab.

# EPITAPHIVM

fœminæ lectissimæ D. Elizabethæ Crashavie  
in puerperio heu mortuæ.

Conditur hoc arcto Crashavia Eliza Sepulchro,

In cuius laudes area lata patet :

Iacobi similis, Phineæq; celebribus illa

Coniugibus vita, morte simulque fuit.

Ore Rachela fuit, Pietate fuit Nurus Heli

Adis enigm Domini zelus edebat eam.

Rara avis in terris nigroq; simillima Cigno

pulchra, pudica annis florida, sana fuit.

Fastus inest pulchris sequiturq; superbia formam

fastus ei ob formam, non tamen ullus erat.

Nonna Ma-  
ter Gregorii  
Nazianzeni

Nonna, sed hæc præter charo fuit Illa Marito

altra consiliis auxiliisque piis.

Inunc et sacris vel sanctam obstare Ministris

uxorem, mendax & sacra Roma doce :

Moribus illa suis hoc turpe revicit abunde

dogma tuum, eloquiis oppositumque Dei.

At cur tamq; citò subitòq; recessit ab Orbe ?

desine mirari. Lector amice, dolens :

Fulguris effulsit, brevis atq; evanuit, instar

tam fulgens nequit fux radiare diu :

Non erat hic mūdus, tam mundā dignus habere

Hinc fuit illa Polo reddita, rapta Solo

Calibus Dalechampius Sedanensis

Gall. Cantab. Emman.

A dolefull description, and yet a ioy-  
full commemoration of Her late life  
on Earth, and her present state  
in Heauen.

**F***Aith* in the soule, and *wisedome* in the heart,  
*Kindnes* in nature, and in vertue loue;  
Both in the *heauenly*, and the *humane* part,  
A *Saint* on earth, in heauen an *Angell* proue.

*Mild, wise, kind, true*, rare parts of lifes perfection,  
Esteemed worthy of most worthy loue:  
Rules onely drawen by a *Diuine direction*.  
Leading the heart, vnto the Soules behoue.

A blessed Soule, so many wayes so blest,  
Neere to the notes of the *diuineſt nature*:  
Deere to the *Heauens*, too deere on *Earth* to rest,  
Though both desir'd and lou'd of euery creature.

Flie then to Heauen, thou Bird of *Phanix* brood,  
Raigne with the King of Kings in *Glories* grace:  
And see thy Sauour in thy *Spiritts* good,  
Vnpartiall pleading, in thy comforts ease.

Now take thy *Rest*, thy *worke* is at an end,  
*Comfort* and *grace* and *mercy* kindly meete:  
Ioyes of that height that highest graces send,  
Seize on thy Soule, till thou and I do meete.

C. VV. Int. Temp.  
Multis cu lachr.

# Memoriæ et Honori *Elizabethæ W. C.*

Vxor<sup>is</sup> suavissimæ : fæminæ lectissimæ.

*Mæstus Maritus, sic lugens quæritur*

*Tune iaces .Mi cara Vxor, pars optima nostri*

*Tune iaces gremio tam cito rapta meo?*

*Heu minium lachrimosa dies; cur amplius aura*

*vescor, si extincta est optima pars animæ?*

*Quid faciã ab faciã? sine Te mihi singula sordent*

*singula vilescunt, dulcia felle madent.*

*Omnia sunt lachrimæ sine Te, fidissima Coniux*

*omnia sunt luctus, omnia nulla mihi*

---

*Defuncta sic responder.*

*Pone modum lachrimis Coniux, compesce querelas*

*Quid quereris? iustus vult nisi iusta Deus*

*Parce igitur lachrimis, melior mihi vita reperta est*

*In terris labor, hic, optima, crede, quies*

*Non tumulis titulis-ve opus est Insignibus : Ipsa*

*mi pietas sanctum nomen ad astra refert :*

*Hoc te soletur, mea quod sanctissima vita*

*molle mihi extrema morte paravit Iter.*

*Ambrosius de Bruyn*

**Belga.**

*Amoris ergo.*

A poore memoriall of the rich  
worth of that Matchlesse  
Mistrisse *Crasshaw*.

**M**Arble neuer wept for *woman*,  
In whom *Goodnes* tooke more pleasure:  
Iustre greife yet fell to *No man*,  
Then to *Him* that lost this Treasure.  
What his *Ioye* a while did borrow,  
*Heauen* was pleas'd to take againe:  
To match His *patience* with a Sorrow,  
That might shew His worth to men.  
For Instance, let this sadd frame tell,  
The vertues deckt this *Mirrours* life:  
And then the Reader may Iudge well,  
What it was to part with *such a wife*.  
*Religion* was her soules delight,  
*Good workes* her Recreations were:  
To'th' poore as free as aire and light,  
That shedd their comforts euery where.  
Young, faire, wise, comely, yet refus'd,  
Both youth, and braueries golden Rayes:  
And dubble her owne age she chus'd,  
With a *Diuine* to spend her dayes.  
Her *Husband* in her Truth reioyc'd st,  
Her *Parents* in her faire Respect,  
Which makes her euer to be voice't,  
A blessed part of Gods Elect.  
Her *Memory* fills all good mens eyes,  
Her *Soule* in her Creators keeping,  
And here that *Body* onely lyes,  
Glory will wake, in peace now sleepeing.

R. Boothe. Cantab.

# CARMEN LVGBRE

SIVE

*Προσοπευαία.*

Dominæ Elizabethæ Crashaviæ  
Pientissimæ, sæminæ, famæ formæq;  
Integerrimæ. Sui ipsius funeris  
*προαγγέλῃ* Quæ partui iam propinqua  
filium se vna emissuram xitamque  
amissuram, sepiuscule est præfata.

Asclepiadeum

cum

Glyconico.

*Esto sic rapidis meta doloribus,  
Nox suprema meis: usque ego Posteris  
Dicar quam minimum credula: Nunc mei  
vates haud vaga funeris.  
O. Consors thalami, Me mihi charior  
O charum caput eheu quoties sonos  
Hos ex Ore dedi: lux tua, nox mea  
Nec, Nate, Invideo Tibi.*



Esto, sic morior, Meq; rescmio.

Ales haud secus ac Nobilis: ossibus

E nostris oritur pullulus vltima

Materno cineri sacra

Solvens: fadricam jam tibi Coniugem

En Coniux, sobolem iamq; superstitem.

Hunc in fasciulis ecce reconditum

Illam Cælitibus Parem.

Ergo quid doleas, plus nimio Memor.

Heu mitis Sociæ? quid miserabiles

effundas gemitus? Non pietas mea,

Non servata tori fides,

Non grata Charites, aut tacitus pudor,

Non Astræa suis iuncta sororibus

E læthi laqueis expedient caput,

Votis aut precibus meum.

Quid si Mors celeri me pede proruit

Immatura? tamen desine, desine

Clamorum: cita mors abstulit vt cito

Sanctorum infererer choro.

*Io. Kidd. Cant. M. Art.*

C

To the neuer dying Memory of  
that most vertuouse Gentlewoman, and  
euer worthy to be remembered Mrs.

Elizabeth Crasshawe.

The Phœnix rare from whom the Sunne alone,  
can truly boast of a Conception.

Her spiced nest being kindled by His fire: (pire  
Her deere bought young ones life makes hers ex-  
What here the Poets faine of her to please withall  
Is truly paralleld in this sad funerall.

This rare blest wife. Her Infant Birthright gaue  
And (loving mother) diggd her selfe a graue.

A Phœnix sure she was. if vertuouse, merit  
may what she's heire to without wronge inherit.

If loue, if zeale if euer chaste desires,  
kept vertues lore, and quencht the Paphian fires  
That boile 'ith vaines of wanton beautyes, shee  
engroft all this by her faire modestie.

If then thou weepest not Reader, yet tho'ult say,  
Death hath in her, snateht too much good away.  
And if thy needy Muse can force no verse,  
Yet to Her memory this or the like rehearse.

Her life was vertues frende, vertue & shee,  
lived here a while, and now eternally.

Geo. Williams Oxon.

# AN ELEGIE, OR MOVRNEFVLL ME-

ditation vpon the vncertainty, and vanity of  
this life, occasioned vppon the vn-  
timely and deplorable death of that  
thrife worthy Gentlewoman M<sup>rs</sup>.

*Elizabeth Crasshawe: of whom  
the world was not worthy.*

**O** *Earth, Earth Earth, O all mortality,*  
*Know God is iust, and thou meere vanity:*  
Fooles talke of Fortune, lotts, misgiuing, chance,  
Fooles talke of dreames, and of the Fayryes dance:  
Trippings of horses, bleeding at the nose,  
Itching of elbowes, and rat eaten hose.  
Tingling of eares, and crosseing of a Hare,  
Sparkling of fire, and changing of the ayre:  
Schratching of owles, and of blacke Rauens crooking  
Howling of doggs, of cocks and chickens drooping.  
Of spinnings spiders, of a swallowes nest,  
Of dismall dayes, and of a sullen feast:  
Fooles cast their figures, and beleeeue that true,  
And onely that which their lewd schem doth shew:  
Fooles talke of plotts, and politicke Inuention,  
This was too soone, and that did want preuention.

Thus all the world is dull and dim of sight,  
No heart knowes truth, no eye doth see aright:  
Nothing in earth so deepe, in heauen so high,  
But serues for some kinde of Idolatry.

O dullest earth, O brainicke vanity,  
Canst thou not see that high Supremacy:  
That prouidence of all commanding power,  
Lord of all time, disposer of each hower;  
Eye searching all things, turning heart and soule,  
Hand guiding all things, where none can controule,  
Onely almighty, wise, good, euer being,  
All knowing, giuing, guiding, and all seeing. (know  
Whose counsell now can search, whose ways none  
But humbled harts, to whom he please them shew,  
*(Oh few they be, ah seldome such appeare,  
Participants of that that is so deere.)*  
From, by, of whom the world and all things are,  
All life, all death, all rest, all peace, all warre,  
Whose becke all powers in heauen and earth & hell  
Obay as Ministers for them that dwell:  
On earth as Instruments of richest blessing,  
To holy harts, vnto the rest of cursing.  
Nothing so narrow in the world so wide,  
That cannot stop the course of boundlesse pride:  
Nothing so little in the world so great,  
That cannot bridle fooles, and quenche their heare:  
Looke euery corner search with eye and minde,  
All haue their maladies and deathes of kinde:  
Kinde and vnkindely, maladyes and death,  
All meete with man to strike and stop his breath.  
*O Earth, Earth, Earth, oh all mortality,*  
*Know God is true, and thou mere vanity:*  
Dar'st thou presume to say he sinned most,  
Who by vntimely death giues vp the ghost.  
Or think it thy selfe with better blessings sped,  
That She in childbrith, thou dies in thy bed?

Oh

Oh learne the best goe first, the worse remaine,  
Either to amend, or kept for greater paine.  
The falling of the tower did not fore tell,  
Those greatest sinners were on whom it fell:  
Presume not then to iudge why deere ones perish,  
To other men, whilst thou and thine do flourish:  
Iudge not but tremble, search what God doth teach  
If to such wisdom, thou canst happily reach.  
Iudgement beginneth at the house of God,  
Then what's their end that neuer feele his rod?  
The best are made examples to the worst,  
Destructions follow, Chastisements goe first.  
Great troubles euer be for strongest hearts,  
That weake by them may learne to beare their parts;  
Here rests that *Rare One*, whose life and death do  
The truth of this to all, that reach will know. (show  
*Her years* so few, *her vertues* were so many,  
As in these times God seldome grants to any:  
Chast, faire, wise, humble, Godly, yet sweetly mild  
Blessed of God, beloued of man and child:  
Her time was short, the longer is her rest,  
God takes them soonest whom he loueth best.  
For he that's borue too day, and dyes to morrow,  
Looseth some dayes of ioy, but yeares of sorrow.  
Then iudge not others, spare thy bitter censures,  
And leaue each one to beare his owne adventures:  
Thinke not that euery ship darre one a shelle,  
Bore greater sinners in it then thy selfe:  
Foolle search thy selfe, thy marrow faimes & minde  
More rockes, more gulls, more monsters shalt thou  
In thy owne bowells, in thy heart & braine, (find.  
Then all the world without thee doth containe:

Say



Say not, I care not, its ~~he~~ or *shee* that's gone,  
Gods patience tryes thee long, at last paycs home.  
The Godly haue their rod, their chastisement,  
The wicked haue their plague, their punishment:  
Holy are they and much of God beloued  
Whose patient constant faith is strongly proued,  
But curled they and not of God approved,  
Who by such spectacles are nothing moued.  
Aske and obserue: obserue with admiration,  
Since good Prince *Henry* great hope of our nation:  
Chang'd this dull kingdome for a shining crowne  
How many which then stood, are now falne downe  
Obserue not that alone but this as most, (lost)  
What they haue beene, which since this land hath  
What they were like to proue, what need may be,  
Of such, in some points which this land may see:  
This thought, sad thought, ah fills me full of teares,  
I cannot now write all, write all my feares;  
Happy those soules (per'anter some may say)  
Whose happy lott was first to flie away:  
I say not so, I wish it were not so,  
Sorrow and griefe may vtter too much woe.  
But sure I am, Gods scourges there are shaken,  
Whence in short time so many good are taken:  
And yet it may be I doe err in this,  
I thinke I may and pray my feares may misse.  
But likewise pray, and pray with all my hart  
And pray that euery good man beare a part:  
To learne with trembling that the power aboue,  
Doth what Him please, our stubborn hart to proue  
Then after warning giuen, if none repent,  
Fullnesse of sinne, brings vtmost punishment.

One



One may be taken in her flower and prime,  
They that liue longer do but stay Gods time :  
And let not Him or Her whom God doth touch,  
In taking decre Ones from them greiue or grutch,  
Nor lessen his offence, nor finde excuse,  
But build thereon this constant holy vse.  
" To say, O Lord tis I thy rod falls right  
" Tis I haue done this euill in thy sight :  
" And so deserued that thou shouldst take away,  
" My ioy, my sweetest comfort and my stay :  
" Yet greater comfort Lord I finde in thee  
" And say it's good thou hast thus humbled mee.  
" Go forward, worke thy worke, correct me still,  
" Submit my soule to thy most holy will :  
" Informe, conforme my will, so make it thine,  
" That nothing in this world I may call mine.  
" Child, wife, nor will, but all resigned to thee,  
" Whose iudgements iust, whose wayes are verity :  
" Take what thou wilt, thou takest but thine owne  
" By me and mine Lord let thy power be knowne ;  
" That thou maist know vs in the world to come,  
" Vniting vs to Thee, that's all and Some :  
That's more then all the world that's *all in all*  
Then cease your censures, harken great and small.  
O Earth, Earth. Earth, O all mortality,  
Know *God is all*, and all else vanity :  
Inquire not then, but turne and tune thy tongue,  
Vnto an euerlasting certaine song.  
Repent amend feare God and sing with me,  
Sing to thy Soule this constant verity :  
My weary soule returne vnto thy rest,  
God is thy strength, thou canst not be oppress.

To

To my deere Cosen Master *W. C.*

A consolatory Elegie vpon the vntimely and  
deplorable death of the truly vertuous, and  
worthy of eternall memory, *Mistris*  
*Elizabeth Crasshawe* his late sweet  
yoake fellow.

**M**ild, gracious, modest, comely, constant wife,  
Matchles for pietie and spotlesse fame:  
All wordes want force, her merit to comprise,  
Complete in all *Grace*, *Art*, or *Nature* clame.

An honour of her Sexe: blest vertues pride,  
True beautyes patterne, mighty natures wonder:  
In Her *Pandora* like there did reside:  
All *Graces* others doe possesse asunder.

Great *Ioue* resolving that this Infruse start,  
Should hence vnto Its proper Orbe ascend,  
Caused nature first to wage vntimely warr:  
The *Parce* then her threed of time to end.

One Bird of paradise this *Phanix* left,  
To console Her Turtle mourning *mate*,  
Whereof sterne Death Him hastily bereft:  
To *Test* his faith, and shew the worst of fate.

Great is His losse, yet may he not repine,  
That these the death of all the world haue died,  
Since they are best, more they are now diuine:  
He happy that inioyed so blest a bride.

*Fr. Smith, Cantab.*

HER  
Anfwere to them all.

**I**T is not I that dye, I doe but leaue an Inne,  
Where harbored was with me, against my will, much  
(sinne :

It is not I that dye, I doe but now begin,  
Into æternall life by Death to enter in.

why mourne you then for me deere Husband, friends and  
Lament you whē I lose, why weepe you, when I win. (kin

FINIS.